

# THE HERALD.

JOHN P. BARRETT, }  
JOHN L. CASE, } PROPRIETORS.  
WALLACE GRUELLE, }  
WALLACE GRUELLE, EDITOR.  
HARTFORD, OHIO COUNTY, KY.,  
WEDNESDAY, MAY 5, 1875.

Why not confer degrees upon musicians as well as lawyers, physicians, etc? Let's have a fiddle D.D.

"An Boston woman," is how the St. Louis Times puts Prof. NOBLE BUTLER's teeth on edge.

Now that Lent is over and gone, and we have hidden an affectionate adieu to mackerel, allow us to observe that, after all, the best of fasts is—fast asleep.

Stop abusing Gen. BEN BUTLER for failing to appear at the celebration of the battle of Lexington. It is a constitutional weakness of his to be late in reaching the battlefield.

This is the conundrum that is worrying old SORGHUM bald-headed: "How the hell did the world manage to get along before I was born, and what's to become of it after I am dead?"

Why didn't they put Mrs. TILTON in the witness-box, as they boasted they would? Because BEECHER fared too badly at the hands of FOLLISTON to trust her there.

The battle of Spring is fought with blades of grass.—New York Mail.  
Those may be the weapons of the pastures, but the flower-gardens use pistols.

REV. JOHN NORMAN, a colored minister of Topeka, Kansas, misunderstood the clause of the civil rights bill relating to the ownership of poultry, and in consequence his sorrowing flock have to look upon his face as through a checker-board.

A SANDYVILLE, IOWA, physician, not being able to collect a bill off a patron, compensated himself by stealing the latter's pretty wife. The strangest thing about the matter is, he forgot to take his own wife along.

A COUNTESS of some celebrity at Rome finds her chief happiness in "turning up her nose at American women," and the American women, poor things, find their chief misery in the up-turned nose.

The reason it took the ancient Aztec two days and a half to eat a meal is very plain. When he asked for bread he had to say, "Totantlaxcal-lilluquapacholli;" and that was the shortest word in his language.

MR. GEORGE BOND, of Shelby county, Iowa, has quit fooling with wires that hang about in barns. He put the end of one around his neck the other day, "just to see how it would feel."—His foot slipped, and his relatives will have to wait till the day of judgment to find out how it felt.

WHEN you see a negro in any of the Southern States with an old carpet-bag, a paper collar, and brass spectacles, you may be sure he is going to the Legislature. When you see him with a couple of Saratoga trunks, a gold watch and chain, and eye-glasses, you may be sure he is going home from the Legislature.

A CALIBOON man came to Hartford the other day, and attempted to walk every brick in the pavement in one time and motion. "Why, I thought you were a Son of Temperance!" exclaimed an acquaintance. "(Hic)no—nolation; notevenquaintance," replied Caliboon, as he stretched himself across the sidewalk to see if it was wider than the pavements of his town.

"CALIBOON has some of the cheekiest young men in the world," complains the Progress. And then it charges them with burning up all the old folks' coal and kerosene during the winter nights, without tendering themselves for sons-in-law as compensation. Does it count kissing as nothing? Have the Caliboon youth from sheer oculatory industry worn their lips thin as wafers to keep the moss from growing over the girls' mouths, for this?

VICE President WILSON put in last Sunday, day and night, in visiting that unrepentant and unrepentant rebel, Gen. JOHN C. BRECKINRIDGE. Already in bad odor with "the fyal of the land" because of his failure to recognize the divinity of the Master Bloat of the Sublime Society of Swiggers who happens through the folly of the American people to be President of these United States, this act of last Sunday will convert him into "a conspirator against the life of the republic and manhood suffrage, whose machinations would veil the very stars in the heavens of freedom with the blackness of the cloud of revived African slavery," as the topological Senator from the carboniferous regions of Exlimoy would observe.

TO-MORROW the Democratic party of Kentucky is to be cemented together all the closer in the bonds of unity, or torn wide open as the sea and far apart as the poles. The nomination of any man in the State, save one, will have the former effect. The nomination of that one, who is none other than Gen. JOHN S. WILLIAMS, will prove an irredeemable disaster to the party.

LOCAL OPTION was defeated here and at Caneyville, but triumphed at Hopkinsville, at Garrettsville and at Vine Grove. No wonder Hartford cannot afford a decent church building, or even turn out an audience respectable in numbers when we have preaching.—Whisky and irreligion generally sweep the field when they march with locked shields.

It is untrue to state that the Small Talk man of the Courier-Journal once followed the business of organ-grinding for a living. It is a fact that his young ambition did run in that line, and that the hoarded earnings of many weary months of tankard-beating were expended on a second-hand organ, which, after half-day's grinding at the street corner without producing music, turned out to be an old ice-cream freezer.—This disgusted him with the musical profession, and he took to journalism from sheer desperation.

## THE FATE OF A BEECHERIOUS PEDAGOGUE.

MR. ALBERT EVANS, a high constable in and for the county of Monroe, commonwealth of Kentucky, is now a convert to the opinion that cider is an intoxicating beverage, and this is the story of his conversion:

Besides filling the high and responsible position of constable, Mr. EVANS is a married man, and is joint proprietor with his wife in two blooming children. They dwell—or did dwell—upon the waters of Black Locust, in the county of Monroe aforesaid. A few months ago there came into their neighborhood a wandering scholar in search of a school. This peripatetic pedagogue gave his name as CLARENCE T. DISMORE, and claimed to be a native of the city of Rochester, State of New York, and professed to have received his education at Cornell University. Mr. EVANS is a man of years as well as office, and wears a level head on the subject of education. Mr. DISMORE was young, good looking, and, as one of the witnesses testified before the coroner, "the prattiest talker that ever wagged a tongue in these diggings."

Mr. EVANS was so well pleased with the appearance of the stranger, and elated at the idea of having an opportunity to school his children, that he invited Mr. DISMORE to make his house his home, promising to canvass among his neighbors and get him up a school. The invitation was heartily accepted, and Mr. EVANS had no trouble in securing the promise of a sufficient number of scholars to induce the handsome and glib-tongued Yankee to agree to teach the young ideas of the neighborhood how to shoot figures on the blackboard and a-b abs from the spelling book. On a designated day the stout yeomanry of the bailiwick gathered together and erected a comfortable floor school-house. Another day served to log and clapboard the building, and construct rude benches for occupation by the scholars. It was handy to the home of the EVANSES, and they had taken a liking to Mr. DISMORE. He had no trouble in arranging with them for board and lodging.

MR. EVANS is young and comely.—His husband is old, and, not to put too fine a point on it, ugly. He was a good provider, a hospitable and kind-hearted man, and she was no doubt content with her lot as "an old man's darling" until the handsome young stranger crossed her path, with enough of the serpent in his nature to bewitch and beguile the Eve that lurked in hers. He wooed, and the pretty, foolish dame listened, to her sore undoing.

Mr. EVANS, in pursuance of the demands of his office, was frequently absent from home, and thus unwittingly furnished the wicked pair with frequent opportunities to revel on the ragged edge of vice. The wronged husband finally discovered the guilt of his wife and guest. On the morning of the 23rd ult. the old man made his appearance at the school-house, rifle in hand, threw open the door, took quick aim, fired, and, so far as Mr. DISMORE is concerned, that school was then and there dismissed forever. Mounting his horse, which he had hitched high at hand, Mr. EVANS repaired to a neighbor's house, called him out, told him what he had done and gave his reason for doing it, and then rode off towards the west. It is supposed that he has gone to Missouri, where he has a grown son and married daughter residing.—So far, no effort has been made to pursue him, and none will be made, we presume, as his neighbors are unanimous in the opinion that he served the destroyer of his domestic happiness. The slaughtered schoolmaster was buried decently, for he was not slain among heathens.

## A HINT FOR THE CENTENNIAL.

The interest in the approaching centennial celebration at Philadelphia is daily widening and extending, and if these entrusted with its management prove themselves competent for the work, and show that they are duly inspired with its breadth and its significance to the world, before the end of the present year there will not be a hamlet in the land whose citizens are not made prouder of their nationality and individually anxious to contribute something to its glory. It should be made the grandest occasion of the kind which the world has ever witnessed, for if it be anything less than that, it will fail to respond to the honest aspirations and generous pride of the American heart. Aside from the museum proper—the collection of past and present manufactures, past and present implements of industry—every day should witness some grand tournament like that of trial of grain reapers which took place at the exposition at Paris in 1855. The scene was a splendid field of grain forty miles from the city. Three machines—one English, one French (from Algiers), and one American—were the weapons of the contest. The audience was a crowd of curious witnesses gathered from every quarter of the globe. At a signal from the judges' stand the fine machines started and moved each over its allotted acre, cutting down and raking the grain like magic. The Algerian machine did its work in seventy-two minutes, the English in sixty-six, and the American in twenty-two minutes! A French journal at the time said of the American machine, "It did its work in the most exquisite manner, not leaving a single spear uncut, and it discharged the grain in the most perfect shape, as if placed by hand for the binders." It finished its piece most gloriously." The contest was finally narrowed down to three reapers, American, and the champion won its laurels amid the most deafening shouts of applause.

## JUDGE POLAND AND THE PRESIDENT.

There is a queer story told of the inside pressure brought to bear on Judge POLAND in order to make him report adversely to Arkansas. It is said that the President of the United States sent for the Judge, soon after his return from Arkansas to Washington, and desired to know of him the character of the report he intended to make. Judge POLAND frankly informed His Excellency what he intended to do, when a long and earnest argument ensued, the President insisting that the report should be favorable to Brooks, while Judge POLAND stoutly insisted that it should be favorable to the present government. The interview ended without changing the views of Judge P. A few days after this the President again sent for the chairman of the Arkansas committee. This time His Excellency was more bold, and intimated to Judge POLAND that, if he would make his report in accordance with the views of the Administration, he could have anything he desired. Judge P. declined the offer and the interview ended. A last and final set was made at him a few days after, the President stating that, if he would do as desired he could have any place in the Federal judiciary he wished, on the supreme, circuit, or district bench—that a vacancy would be made for him. This was a little too much for the old man, who told the President that he had been on the bench in his State seventeen years; that the ambition of his life was to die on the bench, "But, Mr. President," said he, "I cannot consent to purchase it at the price you ask," and thereupon he proceeded to abuse the President in terms emphatic, but not very elegant, turned on his heel and left the executive presence. Then followed the scandalous war upon the old Vermont veteran, by every jackal of the Administration, who charged him with all sorts of crimes; but the old man stood his ground, and finally had his efforts rewarded by seeing his report adopted by an overwhelming majority of the house in which he served. That was the proudest era in the history of his life—worth all the judgeships or other position within the gift of the people or of the President. The people of Arkansas will perhaps never know how much they are indebted to the old Vermont Yankee, who had the honesty and manliness to stand up in their behalf in opposition to the President and his strikers in and about Congress.

## OLD SORGHUM mistakes the Jerusalem travellers in his hair for hayseed.

Another Destructive Country.  
A private letter to the Frankfort Yeoman from Perry county, Ky., states that a condition of affairs bordering on destitution exists in that county. Corn is \$1.50, and wheat \$2.50 per bushel; bacon 25 cents a pound, and none to be had in the county at those prices. These high prices prevail equally upon both of those classic streams known as "Cutshin" and "Hollersfort."

## A TEXAS EPISODE.

Terrible Tragedy—Murder and Arson—Specimen of a Comanche Chief.  
On Monday morning just before day, we were aroused by loud cries of alarm. We hastened from the office without hat or coat and found the residence of Mr. T. J. Nabers wrapped in flames. There was no hope of saving the building, we could only expect to save the household stuff. We rushed into the room and began to remove the furniture. Just then some one cried out "Wake the boys." Several hastened to their bed-room, and, as it was dark, they caught the boys up and were hurrying out. How can we judge of horror when they found that they held in their arms the disfigured bodies of the murdered innocents.

They were borne past us. We turned from the sight, sickened and horror-struck. It was the work of a fiend, who, demon-like, first slaughtered two negro girls with an axe, who were sleeping in the kitchen, and then sought the chamber of the little slumberers, where, with the same bloody axe, he inflicted deadly and ghastly wounds. It was impossible to remove the bodies of the poor negroes. We will not attempt to describe the excitement produced upon the hastily collected crowd when the bodies of the two little boys drenched in their own blood, were placed, side by side, on the ground in full glare of the burning building. Their intelligence, politeness and respectful demeanor had won for them the love of all who knew them. A little while after the bodies were taken to the house near by, where every attention was given him. His family soon arrived, as did a physician, and every effort was made to save his life. He is yet alive, but no hopes are entertained of his recovery. This is one of the sad results of carrying concealed deadly weapons.

## He Must Have Had the Jim-Jams.

A story reaches the Mead county (Ky.) Mirror from the neighborhood of Painsville, in its county, that sounds decidedly Munchausenian, the truth of which it can not vouch for, but gives as it received it: One day last week, while a man, whose name we are unable to learn, was engaged in cutting staves about two miles from Painsville, a rabbit sprung of a brush pile, and the man, with visions of rabbit hash looming up before his mind, hurled his hatchet with great force in the direction of the cotton-tail. Missing its aim, the hatchet disappeared down a hole in the ground a short distance to which the man proceeded, and finding he could see his weapon lying about six feet below, proceeded to lower himself for the purpose of recovering it. Arriving at the bottom he observed a room like a cave about ten feet square, which was dimly lighted by the sunlight without. Casting his eyes about him, he discovered a pile of Indian tomahawks. Toward these he advanced for the purpose of examination. While doing so, he discovered two earthen vessels almost within reach, which he saw were filled, one with silver the other with gold coin. Paralyzed for the moment at the discovery of such riches, he stood and stared in blank astonishment. For a moment only did he stand thus, but advancing with a panther-like leap, he was about to seize his prey, when there arose a succession of such shrieks, yells and noises, that he paused, and glancing up, saw a crowd of eight or ten things, resembling men who had once lived, but now nothing remained but their bones. It is useless to say the stove-cutter lost no time in getting out of the cave, without even obtaining one piece of the precious metal to bear him out in his story. It appears that he is a truthful man, and his story is believed by quite a number, who are organizing themselves for the purpose of making an examination and testing the truth of the story.

## How a Norman Talks About Brooklyn Girls.

A correspondent of the Salt Lake Herald writes from Brooklyn: Let us turn to a more cheerful theme, and more pleasant and enlightening than the girl of the period as presented by the fashionable young lady of this (?) city of churches. Let us take an average sample, the first one we meet promenadeing Clinton street on a sunny afternoon, features beautiful and delicate, eyes large and soft, beaming with intelligence, but displaying a tell-tale ring of black beneath them, indicative of fashionable dissipation, late hours, oyster suppers and champagne. Her hair is crimped and frizzed in front to an unlimited extent in marked contrast to the simple braids hanging down her back, tastefully tied with a becoming ribbon. Her costume is chaste and rich, and her little hands are encased in Alexandre's five and a quarter, while pretty little No. 3 French kid boots twinkle in and out from beneath the heavy folds of her black gros grain silk skirt. But your lovers of antique beauty, of figures and classic mold, will not find their ideal in the Brooklyn girl. No Hogarth line of beauty curve is to be found, for, as a rule, she presents a straight line from her neck to her toes, having about as much contour

## HORRIBLE CATASTROPHE.

Burning of Three Steamers at New Orleans—A Holocaust of Human Life.  
Friday afternoon, at New Orleans, a fire broke out in the blacksmith shop of the steamer John Kyle which was lying at the foot of Poydras street. The Kyle lay between the Jessie Taylor, below, and the Exporter, above; the Bodman lay above and next to the Exporter. Soon after the alarm was given, the tug boat Ella Wood came up and commenced throwing water on the burning vessel, but without effect. Captain Hutchinson, of the Kyle, was standing on the front deck when the fire broke out, he was promptly notified all on board, as it was apparent that the boat could not be saved. William Brown, chief clerk, who opened the fire and took out the money and papers, was last to leave the Kyle, which had drifted from shore, and in so doing was enveloped in the flames and severely if not dangerously burned over the face and hands, eye-lashes and mustache. He, however, jumped into the river and swam ashore.  
Captain Hutchinson says the cabin of the Kyle was enveloped in flames in less than two minutes from the time when the first alarm was given. When the Kyle was cut loose the eddy drifted up the stream. The people above, seeing the danger, threw off the ladders by which the Exporter and Bodman were tied up. The Kyle drifted against the Exporter and the Bodman, and all three boats drifted into the stream. So rapid was the progress of the flames that the Exporter took fire the moment the Kyle touched her. The people on board the Exporter having no other refuge, jumped on the Bodman. This boat, in less than a minute after the Exporter, also caught fire, and the three burning vessels drifted together into the stream, where they soon burned to the water's edge. Many persons who had gone on board the Exporter and Bodman as spectators, were on board when the boats drifted into the stream, and had to jump overboard.  
Some of them were rescued, but a large number are thought to have been lost. The number of lost is estimated at from twenty to one hundred.  
The commander of the United States steamer Kansas, promptly sent out his boats, one of which rescued 13 persons.  
The jobbing tug boats made no effort to rescue those on the burning boats. There was an excursion from Cincinnati or Pittsburgh on one of the boats, many of whom it is feared are lost. The E-donan arrived that morning and had discharged most of her cargo. The Exporter was to leave that evening, and had about 400 tons of freight on board, all of which was lost. Among the lost is the daughter of Captain Reese, of the Exporter. Captain Shinkle, of the Bodman, was badly burned

## about the face and hands. His son is reported lost.

The three vessels were valued at about \$200,000, and were owned and insured in the West.  
On board the Exporter was Captain Reese, owner, who, with his family and a number of friends, were here on a pleasure excursion. The ladies of the party were all ashore except Mrs. Reese and her daughter and one other lady. Mrs. Reese and the other lady were saved, but the daughter was drowned.

## Another Fool and His Pistol.

On last Saturday morning Mr. Joseph Hughes, residing several miles from Tarrytown, Ky., on Salt river, visited Springfield, Ky., transacting some business, started home. After going about two miles, he dismounted for the purpose of taking a drink from a spring on the road-side. In stooping down to drink, a Colt's pistol dropped from his breast pocket and exploded, the ball entering his neck just at the edge of the collar-bone, severing the windpipe, and lodging near the base of the brain. The unfortunate man was instantly paralyzed by the shot and fell forward in the spring, which was a very small one. He still could move his head and that was all. The explosion set first to his heavy coat, and other clothing. He made every effort to save himself from burning, by taking water into his mouth and squirting it upon the fire, but the flames soon burned a greater portion of his person in a horrible manner. He was discovered in about an hour after the pistol exploded, and taken to a house near by, where every attention was given him. His family soon arrived, as did a physician, and every effort was made to save his life. He is yet alive, but no hopes are entertained of his recovery. This is one of the sad results of carrying concealed deadly weapons.

## What Became of Mr. Lane.

The Madisonville Times thus lifts the veil from a local mystery: On the 9th day of February, 1874, L. R. Lane, a citizen of this county, living at Woodruff Station, on the L. & P. and S. W. railroad, left his home and went to Paducah, with a considerable sum of money about his person. He was seen in a house of ill-fame in that city about 11 o'clock at night, and was never seen again. This item was published in the Times of February 25th, and fears were then expressed by us that he had met a tragic end. Now comes the information that clears up the mystery concerning his sudden disappearance and untimely, tragic death. From the Paducah News we learn that Minnie Taylor, a notorious courtesan of that place, better known to our people as Pinky Plummer, was recently tried and convicted before the circuit court at Humboldt, Tenn., for killing her paramour, and sentenced to the Tennessee penitentiary for life. After her incarceration in jail, finding her case a hopeless one, she confessed to the killing of three men, one of them being Lane. He visited her house, as before stated, and they went out riding.—She says she killed him and threw him in the river. Lane was a man of family. He married into a respectable family of this county. He came from Missouri to this State.

## SPOOKS IN NEW HAMPSHIRE.

### A Veritable Domain of Uncanny Spirits.

From the Concord Patriot.  
We understand that considerable excitement prevails in Concord, over the supposition that the Emerson House, situated about half a mile from the village, on the road to Hopkinton, is haunted, the story running as follows: The Emerson place has been vacant all winter, Mr. James Emerson, the owner, only carrying on the place during the summer. About one week ago Mr. Hanson Emerson, son of James Emerson, moved into the house, together with his wife and two children. Everything passed off all right for the first three nights, when on the fourth night, he heard strange sounds, but supposing they proceeded from rats or some other natural cause, did not pay much attention to them. On Wednesday night last, after the family had all retired, they heard a noise as of one groaning, the groans being loud and distinct and heard several times. The door would fly open and then close again with violence. Not content with the above demonstrations, the chairs commenced dancing about the room. Mr. Emerson, his wife and children hastily arose, much disturbed by the violent and strange demonstration, groans and noises, and taking their clothing, left the house, going to that of Mr. Ambrose Chase who lives twenty or thirty rods from the Emerson place. Mr. Chase took them in, and Mrs. Emerson, who was very much prostrated by fright at the noises and groans, was kindly cared for. Mr. Emerson, who is not easily frightened, thought he would go back and make a thorough examination of the house, to ascertain if there were any persons concealed in or about the premises, and with Mr. Chase the two went all over the house, but no one could they find and no noise could they hear. The Emerson family cannot be induced to return to the house, and really, what the whole upshot of the matter will amount to, remains to be seen. There are various stories and opinions about the whole story, but the sun and substance of the whole story is as above related. The Emerson family have no inclination to mistake the matter, and it is plainly evident that the demonstrations they report actually occurred, proceeding from some cause that they are entirely unable to explain.

## ATTENTION, FARMERS!



## THE ADVANCE!

This machine stands in merit far ahead of all competitors. In fact there is no machine fit to be called a reaper. It has improved this machine very much during the past year, preserving however, the many points of excellence which have made it so deservedly popular in the past. We have replaced the Double Woolen Frame by a single one, substituting for the Auxiliary Frame an iron drag bar, thus making the machine much lighter and handier, without losing its strength and durability, and at the same time retaining all the advantages of the Double Frame. We have also improved the Raking apparatus, and we have now the best Reapers we have ever made, which is equivalent to saying that we have the best in the world.  
A Farmer Buying the "Advance" saves money by doing it, for the following reasons:  
1st. Because, being a strong and durable machine, it will outlast at least two of any other make, and with less cost for repairs during the same period.  
2nd. Because, by its efficient work, it will have saved during its use hundreds of bushels of grain that would have been lost with any other Reaping Machine.  
3rd. Because, being always reliable and doing its work under all circumstances, it will have saved his own and his binder's time, to say nothing of the saving of annoyance and trouble. The best is always the cheapest.  
BARNES & TAYLOR, Agents for Ohio Co. BEAVER DAM, KY.

as a tombstone, unless, indeed, as is often the case, some fashionable corset maker is called in to the rescue. How different from the Venus-like forms of the beauties of Deseret! Modest young Salt Lake girls talk; she converses with the utmost freedom on the "scandal," giving her views pro and con, in a manner to excite consternation in the blushing hearer; her views on all subjects are decidedly emancipated, and many a mother of a family would be astonished to listen to her expounding subjects supposed to be only known to doctors and nurses. There is, I fear, something defective in Eastern society. I know not what it is, but I firmly believe that if 100,000 of these girls were sent to the Rocky Mountains, it would result, morally and physically, to the great advantage of future generations.

## Confessed to Four Murders.

Quite an aged man named Holmes, for a number of years a resident of South Point, Greenup county, Ky., of whose past history people there knew nothing, died last week. Before dying, he confessed to having murdered his wife and two children and a negro man in Tennessee many years ago; just at what time, or in what part of the State, we did not learn.

## Will Practice of Mr. Lane.

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## E. F. STROTHER.

### ATTORNEY AT LAW.

HARTFORD, KENTUCKY.

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## JOHN O'FLAHERTY.

### ATTORNEY AT LAW.

HARTFORD, KY.

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## WM. F. GREGORY.

(County Judge.)

### ATTORNEY AT LAW.

HARTFORD, KY.

Prompt attention given to the collection of claims. Office in the courthouse.

JESSE E. FOGLE, W. N. SWEENEY, Hartford, Ky., Owensboro, Ky.

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F. F. MORGAN, G. C. WEDDING.

## MORGAN & WEDDING.

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